

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS,

JNO. D. BABBAGE, Editor and Publisher

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HIS DREAM.

Those of us down town who occasionally take time to look out the windows these cold days and see the poor, shivering horses with staring ribs and sprung knees can appreciate "His Christmas Dream" in The Dumb Animal magazine. It tells of these faithful servants of mankind, dreaming of a good stable, the mangers well supplied with bright, clean hay and some one to give them regular and kindly care. Oh, how these patient slaves stand for hours exposed to all sorts of weather, waiting to serve us in the snow and rain. Indeed, we should make their dreams come true and give them a bed, soft with straw and watchful attention by day and by night. Mr. May, the express man, always shows the spirit of kindness to those of our lowlier kin, who are daily ready for his service. Dr. E. C. McDonald's horse never comes down the Castle hill in a snow storm nor passes over the stormy country roads without a warm blanket and the consideration of a just friend. The Dumb Animal magazine says the plea we must make for our horses is not sentiment.

"It is a plea for justice. What form of life below us has served humanity as the horse has served it? He has played bravely his part on a thousand fields of battle, facing war's appalling horror, and moved to his task by no hope of its glory. He has helped build the world's great cities, their temples, their palaces, their libraries, their universities. He has made possible a million harvests. He has toiled on the railways of the nations. He has been a partner in the rearing of our homes. He has been our swift messenger in joy and sorrow. He has carried us through many hours of recreation. He has stood ready to die in our service when we have demanded it."

THE PARCELS POST AND THE MERCHANTS.

The new parcels post law has been viewed with a great deal of misgiving by retail merchants everywhere. However, it should give them new opportunities of which they have had little conception.

It improves their position as respects distant mail-order houses. A mail-order house 300 to 600 miles away must pay 62 cents to get a 10 pound parcel mailed. The local merchant serving the same article to a 50-mile territory, can get the same thing carried for 32 cents. He can send it for local delivery, including such rural routes as may start at the home post office, for 14 cents.

A mail order house over 1000 miles away must pay 91 cents to get such a parcel mailed.

If the merchants of this city, of Irvington, Hardinsburg and other towns in this county would take advantage of their opportunities provided by the Parcels Post they can develop a good trade.

Suppose a farmer wants a small package of any kind of merchandise, he can order it by telephone and have it mailed within 50 miles for 8 cents. The postage is cheaper than time. There is a big trade along this line for some one. It will go to the man who gets after it with advertising.

THE TRUTH IN STYLE.

Truth is, at last, stylish. To make-believe, to insinuate, to imitate, to make-it-sound-like, to be untruthfully silent, all these, are being cast aside for the plain, naked truth. So attractive in diplomats, such a valuable asset to business-men is the truth that it is actually popular. It is being given full sway for the convenient story, the planned mistake, don't want to hurt your feelings fib, even in polite society. The business man no longer tells a story to ease his customer's wrath, the debutante does not pour out flattery even at the pink teas. Thanks to wise men and frank women the truth add nothing but the truth is tolerated today. In describing lingerie in an advertisement the advertiser writes: Button-holes are hand-made, the laces, however, are whipped on by machine; price \$18. If it were French and hand-made the garment would have to be \$35. Truth! What a fascinating word it is. How great to have it shining out like a jewel in this old world of brass and gold!

Mr. Clarence Sterrett has sold The Hancock Clarion to Messrs. John G. and E. P. Kelly. Possession was given January the first. Under Mr. Sterrett's editorship and management for twenty years The Clarion has made the splendid record as follows: "It has missed but two issues in the twenty years, one on account of sickness and the other because of broken machinery. It never offered a premium for a subscriber and in the twenty years never cut a price for anyone, or carried a whisky advertisement." May Mr. Sterrett's success follow him and his boys.

The New York Journal in speaking of the big mail order houses and the local merchants says: "The storekeeper who ATTENDS to his customer, who adjusts complaints and makes things right, who can give advice, and who, WITH THE PARCELS POST, will be able to deliver immediately anything that is ordered—in less than one-quarter of the time that the mail order houses have been delivering—that storekeeper, backed up by the country editor, will know a prosperity that he has never known."

Just take a glance at the splendid statement of the Bank of Hardinsburg and Trust Company printed in this issue of the News. It is one of the best ever issued by a bank in this section. Its large deposits, its surplus and its 45th dividend are something to be proud of and we congratulate Mr. Paul Compton, cashier.

Don't let your subscription drag. It is just a little thing—only a dollar—but it takes little things like dollars to keep our presses going. Your dollar along with several others helps to fire the engine and feed the big press. When the dollars stop coming the big press won't work.

Dogs, coffins and concrete bricks were among the first installments of the parcels post mails. These unheard of mail packages are bringing Uncle Sam an enormous amount of free advertising. Chas. Hamman was the first to send a parcels post package from Cloverport.

Church tabulation has been inaugurated by the Rev. Mr. James H. Walker of this city. "Keeping tab" on church members is usually done by those who never go themselves.

Gov. McCreary ought to keep out of the Senatorial race. His services are needed at Frankfort more than they are at Washington.

As a rule, many women who belong to Good Housekeepers Leagues, never have time to make up their own beds.

Oh, life is such a long time to live! My, how time does fly! The first is youth, the second old age.

Mr. Wilson seems to be keeping his own counsel. The politicians are all at sea.

One has to keep going to keep in society.

CARRIED RICH FREIGHT

TRAIN BROUGHT FORTUNE IN ORE FROM WESTERN MINES.

All in the Day's Work, to the Rail-reader, but Man Outside the Business Will Regard Action as a Remarkable One.

Under cover of darkness an engine backed almost noiselessly up a steep mountain grade. It passed a number of miners' cabins so quietly that they were not disturbed. It moved around sharp curves and up steep tangents. Far above, where an arc

light gleamed like a star in the sky, was a mine. There rose the sound of a rapid exhaust as a fan drove fresh air down the shaft to ventilate the underground passages. In the shadow of the bins two shining lines of steel rails looked as if they were hanging from the side of a cliff.

It was toward this point that the lone engine, without a light of any kind, was cautiously making its way.

As it crossed the lines of the mining property a grim-faced man, with a sawed-off shotgun, quietly stepped aside and a dozen pairs of sharp eyes, accustomed to the darkness, peered at the crew on the narrow-gauge locomotive as it followed the rails toward a string of cars below the orehouse. Above loomed the cribbing of the dump. Below was a yawning void where the mountain fell away at an angle of 60 degrees.

When the engine approached the cars other men emerged from the dark recesses of the orehouses. On the chute platform, the gallery of the orehouse, the bunker bin and the cribbing, armed men looked down and watched every movement. The approaches to the point where the cars stood were all guarded.

The engine was expected and crossed the line because one of the shift bosses stood on the step and waved assent.

A brakeman went forward quietly and the engine coupled onto the cars so gently that the ore sorters in the big room above did not hear it.

There were five cars behind the Rio Grande engine, loaded with ore worth \$1,000,000.

When everything was in readiness the armed guards swarmed over the cars. They sat on the pilot, in the tender, everywhere. Then, still without lights, the train dropped silently down the mountain. Just before it passed over to the main line the electric current was switched into the headlight, the tail lights placed, and the train commenced its journey into the mountain air of an ideal summer night.

There were no stops. The train had the right of way. There were no unusual signs at any station. No one along the line had an intimation that there was anything unusual in the shipment. The fact that the freight was given right of way excited no unusual comment.

The train screamed around sharp curves, roared over the long, wooden trestles and cautiously threaded narrow paths gnawed out from the sides of the granite canyon walls of the Rio de las Animas. The train was carrying one of the most precious cargoes ever consigned from the San Juan section to the smelter at Durango.

Just as thin shafts of white shot upward like a fan in the eastern sky, the train passed over a maze of switches into the dark shadows of a smelter.

The yard engine took it to the scalehouse. The cars were weighed and then they were spotted in front of the sampler, still surrounded by armed men, who did not leave them until the last ounce of ore had been removed, under the direction of an authorized "ore watcher," who gave a clearance receipt to the man in charge.

It seems mysterious and weird, says the Railroad Men's Magazine, but it is done so often in the west. Here was the movement of \$1,000,000 worth of ore from a bonanza mining camp in Colorado, through a town literally alive with people day and night, and so quietly that no one, save those actually engaged in the work, knew

anything about it. The value of that cargo in gold and silver bearing rock was worth from 50 cents to as much as \$70 a pound.

Old English Custom.

From the time of King John till 1839 November 13 was known as Bull Running Day in Stamford. A seventeenth century historian gives an interesting account of the observance.

"The butchers provide the bull, and place him overnight in a stable belonging to the alderman. The next morning proclamation is made by the bellman that each one shut up his shop door and gate and none under pain of imprisonment do any violence to strangers. None to have any iron upon their bull clubs or other staves, which they pursue the bull with; which proclamation being made and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hlvie skivy, tagrag, men, women and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town running after him."

At the close of the chase the animal was killed and its flesh sold at a nominal rate to the burghers.—London Chronicle.

Business Pointers.

Competition: The merchant's bugbear.

Knocks, slams and insinuations. Slashed prices and perpetual bargain day.

Why does a merchant who has a sound business respond so quickly to the attack of a shoddy competitor?

Too often the mud of the one covers the other so that the buying public could not distinguish between them if it would.

If you draw the fire of other merchants in your line be sure of one thing—you are considered important enough to be the target for their attack.

Knocking and shoving are never good business policies. Every time you try to shove a man down you simply dig another portion of your business grave. It doesn't pay.

Advertise. Sell goods that will net you a profit. Pick leaders and use them consistently. Co-operate with the manufacturers. Use their trade ideas and plans. Don't waste your time knocking your competitor. Capitalize his share and sell your goods while he's hammering.

Paid Scott \$15,000 for a Poem.

What is the highest price ever paid by a publisher for a poem? It would be interesting to know whether any advance has ever been made on the \$15,000 that Scott received, for "Rokeby." Stephen Gwynn, in his life of Moore, tells us that Murray offered \$10,000 for the copyright of "Lalla Rookh," "but Moore's friends thought he should have more and, going to Longman, they claimed that Mr. Moore should receive no less than the highest price ever paid for a poem. 'That,' said Longman, 'was \$15,000 paid for 'Rokeby.' On this basis they treated, and Longman was inclined to stipulate for a preliminary perusal. Moore, however, refused, and the agreement was finally worded: 'That upon your giving into our hands a poem of the length of 'Rokeby' you shall receive from us a sum of \$15,000.'"

Debt Owed Engineer.

I got off a train the other day and was glad there hadn't been an accident. There'd been a bad one on the same railroad just the day before. I walked the length of the platform and was just about to leave the train behind when I looked up and saw the engineer. He was letting down after a long pull. I wasn't the president of the United States so I didn't stop to shake hands with him, although I felt inclined to. We are curiously in the power of the engineer. I feel about him as I do about the captain of a steamship after I have crossed the ocean. I advocate the honoring of engineers in some conspicuous way. Lift their business to the rank of a profession. Let them know each time they pull a train in that we know they're doing a deed of valor. For that is just exactly what it is.—New York Press.

ALWAYS REMEMBER

when contemplating on building, the all-importance of giving your contract to the right man.

It is a Perfect Delight

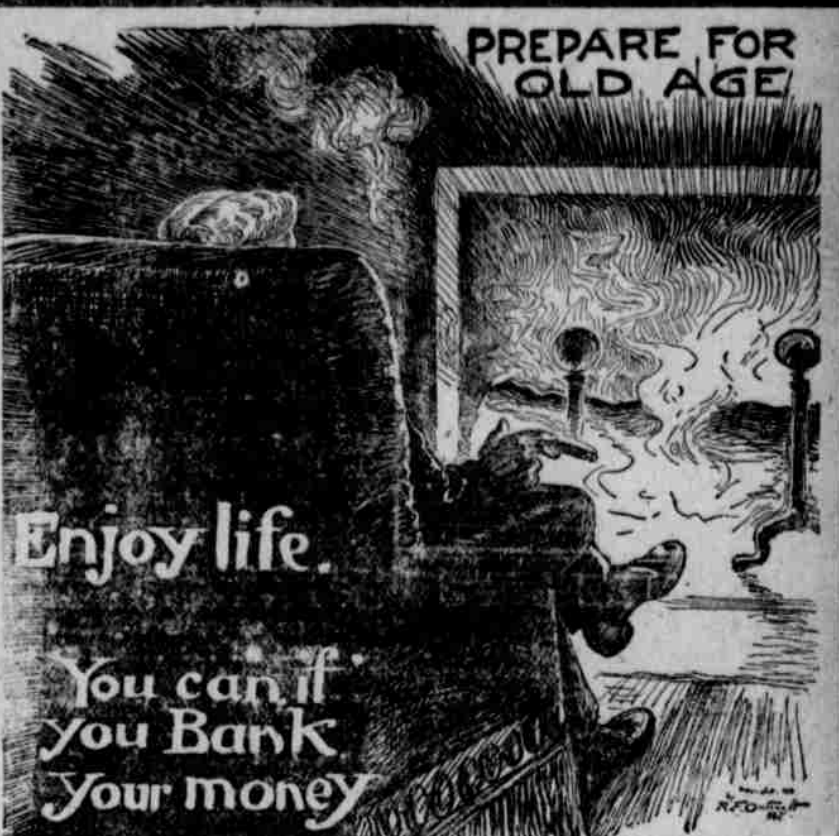
to know that your contract is in the hands of a conscientious man, who understands his business, one who has had experience and one who carries a

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Cloverport, Kentucky



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E. F. LYONS, McQuady, Ky.
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MANUFACTURED BY
PETER NEAT-RICHARDSON CO.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

FINDS BIG BUNCH OF LOOT

Search for a Dollar Whip Discloses Stolen Property Worth \$2,000.

York, Pa.—In trying to locate a dollar whip, which had been stolen from the buggy of Michael Dougherty of Chanceford, Detective Charles White unearthed at the home of Adam S. Keesey of Spry, about two miles from this city, stolen property to the amount of \$2,000, which had been carried away from the Pullman Automobile works. The plunder consisted of all parts of the machines.

Keesey broke down and confessed his guilt and said he had been selling the loot for junk. In default of bail he was sent to jail. The accused man has a wife and five children.

For Sale!

I good work horse, 6 years old and 1 good work mare 8 years old, in foal. Will sell cheap for cash.

H. J. ROBERTS
Hardinsburg, Ky.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckenridge News one year \$3.50.